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PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDITOR.

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VOL. XXXIX.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APRIL 15, 1904.

No. 8.

SOME OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Edinburgh Sunday School was organized by Elder Geo. G. Smith, December 15, 1901, with Brother John Richardson as superintendent. Our picture shows the majority of the members of the school as

it at present exists. Superintendent Richardson stands near the centre of the back row, with Elder George Robinson, the president of the Edinburgh branch, at his left. The two missionaries from Zion can easily be distinguished by their tall



THE EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, SUNDAY SCHOOL.

hats; the one on the extreme left is Elder James E. Williamson, of Wellsville, Cache county, and the other Elder John H. Russell, of Salt Lake City.

Only a part of the pupils can be seen in our illustration, as some could not get away from their work, but all the teachers are present. Elder George Robinson is teacher of the theological class, Sister Jessie Trotter of the intermediate, and Sister Annabella M'Gill of the primary class. Sister Lizzie Smith is secretary. The school convenes promptly at 12:30 o'clock every Sunday at the Masonic Chambers, 14 Picarty Place. In their exercises the departments follow the instructions of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, having concert recitations at every session. The theological class is at present studying the Old, and the intermediate and primary the New Testament. The general proceedings of

the school are conducted on the lines laid down by the General Board of the Union.

A Bible class is also organized, which meets at Brother George W. White's, 14 Edina Place, he being its teacher, and Sister Jessie Trotter, its secretary. It is mostly the senior members of the school who attend. They are studying the New Testament.

Elder Russell writes: "In regard to the work of the branch in general, all seems to be progressing very well, the missionary Elders do the teaching, each assisted by one local brother; and hold cottage meetings with the Saints, and pray in their homes, exhorting them to righteousness, and to attend to their duties as members of the Church. Our Sunday evening meetings greatly encourage us, as sometimes as many as eighty persons are present."



HOME PREPARATION.

THE subject of preparation in our Sunday Schools is of vast importance and cannot easily be over-estimated. I may premise by saying, that the problem of home preparation has been approximated only, but completely realized, never. Yet it is all-important. If we could solve the question completely as to how to secure perfect home preparation we should solve the whole theory and practice of the teacher's art. For it is a truth of first importance to understand that what the student does for himself, and not what the teacher does for him, is the measure of spiritual and individual attainment. The soul grows by its own activity and approaches God by its own effort. Herein

is the beauty of life, and its wonderful responsibility. Herein is the guide to progress; that the pupil's own act, his own thought, his own work, and not that of another, can alone develop his being and bring him nearer to the truth. It is written: "He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine," therefore doing precedes knowing, and the teacher who brings to pass this mind activity in the pupil, who rouses the faculties of his student to the greatest degree, gives the highest service to his class. For the teacher is not merely one who *knows*, but one who *causes* others to know. I take it, then, to be of first importance in the discussion of this question to emphasize the fact, that in order for

the teacher to secure preparation on the part of the pupils he must himself be thoroughly prepared on the lesson. No teacher should dare go before his class without a thorough preparation and understanding of the subject in hand. The day of hap-hazard chance work, of hit or miss, is past, and the day of systematic preparation is here. And is not the work of training and inspiring God's children in the Sabbath School worthy of the most earnest effort, and most complete preparation on the part of the teacher? The great duties and activities of life can only be fitly discharged by previous preparation. And, while the idle and unthinking ascribe great efforts and events in the work of men or nations as the result of chance, thinking man looks below the surface and realizes that all great events are brought about by long preparation and fitness for the work in hand.

We stated a moment ago, that the teacher must *cause* others to know. He must, therefore, be a *cause*, a moving *power*, a soul so highly charged with spiritual force that he may enkindle the living flame in the souls of his students. And to do this the teacher himself must be an earnest student. He must be willing to bend his energies to the task of acquiring knowledge, and, above all, of acquiring it under the Spirit's aid, for "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God." The teacher fails to be a teacher the moment he ceases to be a student. It requires thought to arouse thought. You need not think, teacher, that your lack of preparation will remain undiscovered by your students. Your class will find it out sooner or later. Your belief, your unbelief, your faith, or lack of faith, will out in spite of yourself; you cannot hide them. Show the arc of the curve and the good mathematician will find out the whole figure. The teacher

will be revealed to the class just as he is. How important, then, the home preparation and the Spirit's aid. Emerson says: "A reality pervades all teaching." A man may teach by doing and not otherwise. If he can communicate himself, he can teach, but not by words. He *teaches* who *gives*, and he *learns* who *receives*. There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle as you are, until a transfusion takes place, then is a teaching. The teacher must give inspiration as well as information, and, exactly in proportion to his inspirational powers, will be his success in getting preparation from his pupils. As Carlyle puts it, "Spirit grows by mysterious contact of Spirit. Thought kindles itself at the fire of living thought." And he asks, "How shall he give kindling in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder?" We have all known teachers who, by their very personality, their fire and love and enthusiasm and inspiration, have carried their pupils to heights almost beyond themselves. Then again, we have known teachers so cold, repellent, so lifeless, that they could never inspire preparation or work on the part of any of their pupils. Plans are good, rules of teaching have their place, but after all, the life and personality of the true teacher is above all rules and plaus. The true teacher makes all rules and plans his servants, not his masters. The river flows no higher than its source; the class will rise no higher than the teacher. He sets the pace, be it halting or aspiring. He must be a leader; he must do the very thing he wants his class to do. The motive power of the teacher should be enthusiasm and love. We cannot compel preparation; compulsion and coercion are out of place in the Gospel of Christ. No one was ever brought to the feet of the Master by force, compulsion

or restraint of soul. Love alone is the motive power. The student must be made to feel that the teacher loves the truth, that his love of the truth has inspired the highest preparation on his part. He must also be impressed with the thought that the teacher has a love for his advancement and salvation.

From what has been said in the foregoing, we arrive at these facts: That to secure preparation on the part of the pupils the teacher must himself be prepared. He cannot get others to do what he neglects to do himself. Therefore, the first step in getting your pupils to prepare is to see to it that you are thoroughly prepared yourself. This preparation of the teacher must be thorough. It will include the preparation of the body physically, of the mind intellectually, of the soul spiritually. Of the body physically because the body is the home of the soul; and proper attention to the laws of health, cleanliness of person, attention to exercise, will develop a sound body as a preparation for a sound mind. Then the home surroundings should be appropriate.

The teacher, if possible, should have a study room with appropriate books at his command, and retire to that room and seek, by prayer, the Spirit's aid to help him in his task. He should be an intellectual man, a student of history, of government, of the signs of the times, of the progress of the nations, of sciences, as well as of theology, because the "glory of God is intelligence," and he must, by self-effort and love of truth, master the problems before him and harmonize conflicting theories. Preparation spiritually is needed, because, unless he has the Spirit's aid, all his previous work will be vain. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." He is entitled to the Spirit if he seeks it, and he needs it in order to draw from the lesson the great principles of life. He must plan the lesson carefully and be

ready to grasp the chief points and principles that can be applied in the life of the pupil. He must have a definite aim; he must know exactly what he wants before he can require the student to make preparation. He must, further, make a definite assignment of the lessons according to the capacity of the pupil, pointing out all proper references and readings in line with the subject. He should encourage the student to make original investigation, and lead him to see principles at the back of facts. He should have a scheme of leading points ever before him. He will get out of the lesson exactly what he puts into it.

As to the pupil, his preparation, as previously hinted, will be in performing the work assigned to him by the teacher; in studying the references pointed out; in seeking, by prayerful study, to comprehend the principles of the lesson, the purpose and object of the same; and in a careful reading of all literature bearing upon the subject. Nor should the pupil stop here. Questions will be suggested to his mind which demand solution. If he cannot himself solve them, he should bring in his parents and seek their aid. A good plan would be for him to write out his questions and have them discussed in the class so that the general knowledge of all may be brought to bear upon the points presented. Unless the pupil is thus prepared, the lesson will be a failure no matter how well the teacher is prepared; because class work implies mutual relationships and labor upon the part of all, both teacher and pupil; and unless the pupil has made full preparation, he will not be in a condition to receive from the teacher. The Spirit is ever ready to enter the soul if we prepare for its presence. Truth, like the maiden, must be wooed before it be won.

The teacher can do much by helpful suggestion and direction the previous Sunday. But to be useful here he must

study the lesson in advance. He must be a forerunner, he must climb the heights and first discern the beauties of truth ere he can lead his pupil to the pinnacle of appreciation. His business is to first blaze the way, and by indication and guide posts lead his pupils to travel the path of truth with the greatest economy of time and effort. He can only do this by marching ahead. His place is ever at the front. He must know every inch of the road to be traveled ere he can direct the footsteps of the student.

A great deal is accomplished by proper assignment of lessons, by preview of the facts and principles to be comprehended in the future lesson. He must stand ready to yield to the student new thought, the philosophy underlying the principle. Emerson says: "We love the poet, the teacher, the inventor, who in any form, whether in an ode or in action or in looks or behavior, has yielded us a new thought. He unlocks our chains and admits us to a new scene." The teacher can also be most helpful in presenting the proper viewpoint of the lesson, and the point of view should be taken which will harmonize the greatest number of truths that the pupils have capacity to receive. There is a true point of view for every lesson, and, in proportion as we discern this true point, so will be our success in presenting the lesson. As we climb the mountain side, beautiful scenery hitherto hidden in the valley becomes visible, and the horizon is extended. So the teacher, from his greater spiritual eminence, should discern truth in the broad fields of relation and should find harmonies unknown to the student, and seek to uplift the student to his point of view. And the true point of view will be exactly in proportion to our standard of spiritual attainment. The Lord views all things from the standpoint of eternity and perfection. We shall discern the true point

of view in exact proportion as we have the Spirit.

Again, suggestions might be made to the student as to the proper books to be studied and the most helpful references. All this means work for the teacher, for without labor there is no excellence. But the teacher's labor will not be successful without the co-operation of the parents. The work of the teacher and the parent must go hand in hand if the best results are to be expected. The interests of teacher and parent are wedded together. Let no man divorce them. The Sunday School must be a continuance of the previous home training. There is no abrupt line of demarcation, where one begins and the other ends. I like the term of law which places the teacher in *loco parentis*, which means, in place of the parent. It is highly suggestive. The sympathy and active support of the parent must be enlisted. The question is, how best shall this be accomplished. Speak well of the pupils. Parents like to hear of the progress of their children. Invite parents to the school, show the work you are doing and how you are training their children. Occasionally have socials to bring the pupils in close touch and sympathy with the teacher. Visit the pupils at their homes. Organize class missionaries, whose duty it shall be to make the home visits and give reports. Visit the pupils yourself, especially in times of sickness and distress, that they may know that your interest and love for them is strong and genuine. By this means much may be done, and the bond between the teacher and parent will be strengthened and the interest of both felt to be the same. By this means parent, teacher and pupil will be bound together by the threefold cord of mutual love, which will not easily be broken.

The duty of the teacher to recommend

the study of useful books and literature is imperative. We are all reflections of what we read and hear. And the young, especially, are easily impressed by the lessons of life, and also by the lessons of history written in books. Books are the articulate voice of the past. They preserve to us the main truths of all the ages. Thus we are heirs-at-law to all that the forefathers have thought and done. They tell us of the struggles of humanity for liberty, for freedom, and for truth. They impress upon us the grand lesson of the centuries, that unless truth and virtue be constantly practiced, peoples and nations fail. A man never need be lonesome who is surrounded by good books. He is in touch with the kings and queens of thought. The great heroes, and statesmen and thinkers of all the ages past are his teachers, and give him their best thought. Books enter deeply into the inner life. No word of truth is ever written, but the writing preserves it and immortalizes it forever. But discretion and discernment are necessary in the choice of books. Would you introduce immoral persons into your family to associate with your children? Yet immoral books by criminal suggestion can poison the minds of your precious ones and corrupt the whole household. Hence, the teacher should be well read, acquainted

with the best books. Of course, in our Sunday School work the standard works of the Church must be placed first and foremost. After that the teacher should suggest the study of all helpful books and literature which will broaden the student's mind and enable him to see the harmony of all truth. The Gospel is the great harmonizer of conflicting theories. It ascribes to each field of culture its proper part in the development of man, realizing ever that the Gospel with its redeeming power is first and foremost.

In conclusion let me say that after all the success of the teacher cannot alone be measured by his power of committing texts or conning pages. Religion must be felt by the soul; it must touch the heart; it must sway the emotions, and uplift the pupil to higher thought and action, and not merely fill the head. And the teacher who causes the student to feel the Spirit and power of the Gospel of Christ, and to live those principles in his life, gives the highest and best service to his fellows. He alone is worthy to be called the true teacher. His words, and works, and faithful example, will live again in the lives of his pupils, and, although no earthly crown or reward may be his, in the years to come they will rise up, and call his memory blessed.

Fred. J. Holton.



HOW TO SELECT AND TEACH MEMORY EXERCISES.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment. The law of his God is in his heart: none of his steps shall slide.—Psalms 37: 30, 31.



THE special mission of the Sunday School teacher is to instil into the hearts of the children faith in God and make of them loyal subjects

in His kingdom, and to create in them a desire to investigate His laws and His dealings with His children. Among the many means adopted to accomplish this end are memory exercises.

Hill defines memory as follows, "Memory is the soul's power to recognize objects and ideas as having been known be-

fore, or to bring readily into consciousness correct ideas of past impressions." This power is strongest in early life; therefore let us take advantage of it and aim to understand how to make it of most use to our pupils.

Generally speaking, memory exercises are given for the purpose of developing the faculty of memory; but as I understand their relation to our work, they are intended to develop faith as well as memory, and with this object in view the exercises consist mainly of choice passages of Scripture to be learned by the children. This subject has been subdivided as follows: How to select them, how to teach them, and their value.

Our subject in this light may be considered from two points of view, either as a general exercise in which the whole school participates or as a part of the department lesson. The latter view being the one in which we, as teachers, are most interested, this paper will discuss only this side of the question.

How to Select Them.—As the greatest benefits to be derived from these exercises depend mainly upon their careful selection we will consider this phase of our subject first. Dr. Johnson says, "The art of memory is the art of attention;" and Quick says, "The mind's power of retaining an idea varies as each of the following three things—first, the strength of the impression, which depends on the whole mind being concentrated on forming the idea, in other words, on the amount of attention given to it; second, the length of time during which the thought keeps possession of the mind; third, the frequency of the renewal, i. e., the number of times it is brought back in consciousness. The first thing to be secured, then, is attention. The intensity of attention, with the young at all events, depends entirely upon that unaccountable thing which we call interest. When the

mind is interested all its powers are ready for action. The first step then towards bringing about healthy exercise of the mind must be the awakening of interest in the thing to be remembered."

Keeping the foregoing thoughts in mind, we shall readily see that if the verses selected to be memorized bear directly upon the subject being discussed the children will learn them with less effort than one foreign to the subject, as their interest has been aroused and their minds prepared to receive it. One thus selected serves to clinch the general truth developed in our lesson, and also gives them language to express it, besides leaving a more lasting impression on their minds. To select a verse of this kind, the teacher must have the lesson well prepared; this will enable her to decide readily upon the general truth or principle she desires the children to gain from the lesson, and she can then select a verse either from the lesson, or from some other chapter in the Bible, Book of Mormon or Doctrine and Covenants, bearing directly upon or embodying in a few words or sentences the truth she wishes to implant. For example, if the general truth we wish to emphasize be, "Jesus loves the pure in heart," our memory exercise might be, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In selecting these verses, we should aim to use the very choicest passages of Scripture, also verses that are not too lengthy, so that each child, the very weakest member of our class as well as the strongest, will be able to learn them, because a continued failure to do so will discourage those who fail and will also give them a distaste for these exercises, and in this way our aims in presenting the work will be defeated. Our pupils' minds will not be stored with these precious truths, neither will they acquire an aptitude for this work, nor

the habit of selecting and memorizing choice passages of Scripture.

How to Teach Them.—After the lesson has been taught and the general truth clearly developed, one of the teachers should be prepared to repeat from memory the verse selected. It should be repeated more than once so that the children will get the thought which it contains. It will be well to question the children to see if they understand the meaning before requiring them to learn it. If they do not, the truth we wish to convey through it will be lost and they will only repeat so many words to be forgotten in a very short time. By questioning for the meaning we cultivate a thoughtful habit and strengthen the memory. After the preceding steps have been worked out, the teacher may repeat a short sentence or clause of the verse requiring the children to repeat in concert, until the whole verse has been repeated. As the verse is repeated, the parts may be increased in length until finally the class can repeat the whole verse after the teacher. At the close of the lesson it is an excellent plan to give each pupil a slip of paper with the verse or the reference, or both, written on to take home and study during the week to be repeated the following Sunday as part of the review work. This plan serves a double purpose; it gives the slow pupils equal opportunity with those more apt, and also enlists the interest of the parents and serves to bring the home and the Sunday School in closer sympathy. If we can encourage our pupils to have a note-book and record each gem as it is given, we shall be doing much for them, for it will develop a studious habit. On the Sunday devoted to reviewing the month's work, the children will be interested in repeating the verses learned. This repetition will help to fix them in the memory. They may also be called for when-

ever they serve to connect a new lesson with one that has been given. Of course, it is of first importance that the teacher have the exercise memorized, for not only will she be able to enter more fully into the spirit of it, but it will also be an incentive to the children to try and master it.

Their Value.—Memory is one of the greatest gifts our heavenly Father has bestowed upon His children, and it, like every other faculty of our mind, grows by use, or becomes dwarfed by inactivity. If for no other purpose than the cultivation of this faculty of the mind, memory exercises were introduced in our Sunday Schools, their importance could not be overestimated, but the mental discipline thus afforded is one of the least reasons we offer for their introduction.

Teaching them in connection with and as a part of the regular lesson impresses the truth more forcibly than the story alone would, and as a result the impression is more lasting. It is the ambition of all parents in Zion that their children shall be called to fill responsible positions in the Church, and that their sons shall be called to bear the Gospel message to the world. To do this in such a way as to reflect credit on themselves, their parents and the people they represent, they must be prepared. The verses learned in the Sunday School class will often be of service to them, as will also the habit and aptness acquired in selecting and memorizing passages of Scripture. The girls, too, expect to have work to perform at home that will call into use their knowledge and ability gained in this direction. Aside from their value as weapons with which to defend the truth, they are a never ending source of study and reflection. For "one verse will unfold and unfold until it will blossom into a revelation," and at some opportune time it will bear fruit. The Apostle Paul says, "Be not

overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." All of us are subject to temptation, and which of us, if left alone, can resist it? If the mind has been stored with good thoughts, then in the hour of trial can the inspiration of the Spirit bring forth to brighten the conscience and to fortify the will and thus defeat the unseen power. Who of us remembering the third commandment would dare to use the name of the Lord in vain? Not only are they suggestive of what not to do, but also of what to do, for from "the fullness of the heart" we speak and act.

Our pupils will not always be children, but in the course of a few years they will have to face the duties of life and perhaps in some dark hour the words of the song beginning "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," or other similar verses will come as echoes, distinct and clear, from the Sunday School and restore peace and faith in their troubled hearts.

Sir Philip Sidney says, "They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts," and another has said, "Our thoughts are our companions." How important it is, then, that the minds of the children should be filled with thoughts that will keep them pure and make of them faithful Latter-day Saints.

The Apostle Paul in writing to the Corinthians says:

For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh;

(For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds):

Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

If memory gems are properly selected and properly taught, all the beneficial results which I have endeavored to set forth will undoubtedly follow.

Lorenia Copley.



COLORADO MISSION HOUSE.

THE Colorado mission, while the latest to be opened in America by the Church, is the first to secure a home of its own. In this matter all connected with the mission feel a pardonable pride.

The site for a church building was purchased in the fall of 1901, and the building erected in the fall of 1903. The location is a suitable one in a quiet part of the city known as West Denver, because of its being west of Cherry Creek. The building occupies a corner at the intersection of South Water Street and West Sixth Avenue, and is about two miles south of the Union railroad depot.

The mission house is built of red

pressed brick, is two stories high, and is forty-two by forty-five feet in dimensions. The ground floor contains four rooms, used for offices, Sunday School class rooms, etc., and an auditorium with a seating capacity of about two hundred. On the second floor are nine rooms, used for living apartments by the missionaries. The building is warmed by a hot air system, is fitted for lighting by either gas or electricity, is for hot or cold water, has sewer connections, and the cooking is done by fuel gas.

The design of the building is plain and modest, with a flat roof. Inside the finishings are in natural wood of clear Mexican pine, in tasty colonial style.

The dedicatory services were held Sunday, March 13th. The auditorium was filled to overflowing with attentive listeners, fully half of whom were friendly non - members. The presidents of conferences and Elders from near by came to Denver to attend the services. All appeared to highly appreciate the privilege of being present. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Joseph A. McRae, and remarks were made by Elders Joseph E. Wilson, L. M. Mendenhall and M.

M. Steele, interspersed with singing. In his closing address President McRae expressed the deep gratitude he felt toward all who had so generously aided in

paying off the debt upon the building. By this help all obligations had been



COLORADO MISSION HOUSE, DENVER.

met and the building dedicated fully a year in advance of the time anticipated when the contract was let.

Joseph E. Wilson.



TRICKS AND TRAPS OF SHARPERS.

IHAVE often stood in seaport towns and witnessed the departure of vessels for distant ports. The passengers were full of hope and inspired with the thought of the pleasure in store for them when they might arrive in the distant ports. Flags were flying, handkerchiefs waving, loving goodbyes were thrown by friends who were there to bid them adieu; all bespoke good feeling and joyous merriment.

As the vessel leaves the smooth waters of the bay or harbor, the big ocean swells begin to be felt. For a while this seems exhilarating. The receding land and all that makes up a seaport keeps the mind active. A little later on, the motion increases, the vessel's prow lifts higher and higher, some of the passengers begin to feel alarmed, they hardly know what ails them. Soon they disappear to their cabins; some remain on deck as long as

they are able, but they, too, get alarming symptoms of internal confusion. Their troubles begin; the passenger so full of life now feels sorrowful and despondent, and sick at heart. He is obliged to suffer disappointment in many ways. All is not gold that glitters. He has trials that upset his fine calculations.

So it is with many young men and women starting out to battle with the world, who leave home for the first time. Everything looks roseate to them. They are full of self-confidence; they know a thing or two; father has told them the dangers and warned them to look for the tricks and traps of sharpers; mother has had her say. She told her boy or girl how to act in strange places—never to trust strangers, to avoid being drawn into pitfalls. The young man desires to see city life. He tries to find employment; he has undertaken a difficult proposition. He reads the papers; all sorts of chances are open for him. One like the following seemed to be just what he was looking for:

"Send one dollar and I will forward you a valuable receipt that will enable any person to build up a thriving business in any city or town in the Union by the manufacture of an article indispensable in every family. The advertiser is making from five to ten dollars per day." From his little store of savings, he sent the dollar, full of hope and confidence. In due time the recipe arrived. It was as follows: "Procure a large tin or wooden pail. Visit the homes of the wealthy. Buy up their soap grease. When all is ready, use the following recipe, which will make the best soap ever seen. It will sell readily. The way I make good wages is by selling this recipe." Imagine the consternation of the labor seeker when the reply came. Of course, he was mad for risking his dollar; but just imagine our young man gathering up soap grease who probably

had been tenderly raised and never knew what it was to earn a dollar before he could procure the articles he needed. "Not much," says he, "I was born for better work and more respectable than buying soap grease."

Next day the paper was eagerly perused. The following proposition was nearer the mark and better suited to his ambitions desires:

"For one dollar, I will tell just how I got rich, and how you may learn to be independent." Here surely was a get-rich-quick proposition, and no drudgery about it; no buying soap grease in this. The dollar went. The reply came back; here it is: "Work like the devil, and never spend a cent." This is all right; but where is the work? thought our hero. "Find it," says the sharper. He did, and that was a position of a handy man, a man of all work in a large establishment, with a chance to rise before him.

Getting something for nothing seems to be the sin of many people. Nature demands that we should labor before we can raise a crop. In an agricultural journal an advertisement was printed calling for twenty-five two cent stamps for the very best method of raising turnips quickly and successfully. The reply was, "Just take hold of the tops and pull." No doubt the greenhorn who sent his stamps asked, "Why did I not think of that before parting with the stamps?"

One of the sharpest tricks ever played upon the general public was the advertisement offering to furnish a beautiful steel plate engraving of the father of our country, George Washington, produced by the government and sent by the advertiser for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents. Thousands of people sent their stamps, and what do you suppose they received? A two cent stamp with the portrait on it of George Washington, just as advertised. This was no fraud, and simply shows how

easily we are caught when we fail to use our brains.

A cute Yankee offered to send a sure cure for drunkenness, never known to fail—had been tried by thousands; not one failure had been recorded. One dollar was all that was asked for the recipe. Doubtless many an anxious wife was suffering from the fact that her husband or may be son, was a drunkard, sent her money, but what could she get in reply? Only the following: "Take the pledge and keep it."

A young man, very anxious to find a mate, and not being one of the most attractive to the opposite sex, saw an advertisement in a Chicago paper, that was offered for thirty-four one-cent stamps, telling him how to make an impression. He got the reply, "Sit down on a pan of dough." This was the very opposite of his aspirations, but he got what he sent his money for, and never stopped to think of any other impression than the one sought.

Before me as I write is an advertisement, asking for a two-cent stamp, giving a list of seals, charms and talismans to wear on the person in order to get good luck and ward off misfortune. Doubtless the articles when received will cost from twenty-five cents to a dollar. Just imagine the value of such rubbish to ward off misfortune. I had an acquaintance who carried a small potato in his pocket for luck. Could anything be more absurd or ridiculous? Another advertisement wants a stamp to tell you all about a lucky stone. Now a few thousand of two-cent stamps will amount to a considerable sum, and here is where it pays.

For ten cents a certain professor in Boston offers to tell your fortune. Verily the old adage that "a fool and his money are soon parted," if anyone should be foolish enough to pay for such silly information. Once you reply to such adver-

tisements, other dodges will be adopted to bleed you out of more money, and there are always enough fools to part with their money to keep these sharpers in good style and enable them to live without honest labor.

Another fraud in the same paper offers for ten cents to tell you how to select a mate for life: when to marry and whom to marry. Only send your age and the ten cents (don't forget), and the information will be forwarded. A young man possessing good common sense can get along without advice from such gentry. I offer to furnish one golden recipe free, and that is: "Take the obedient, loving daughter of a good mother. If you can get her, you will make no mistake; and let me add above all, a whole-souled Mormon girl will always prove a jewel if treated as she should be."

Another clever dodge of a sharper was the following "ad.," that caught a good many unthinking persons. It ran as follows: "How to double your money in six months." The reply came, and was as follows: "Convert your money into bills, fold them, and you will see your money doubled." This enriched the advertiser until the trick became known.

Another advertisement offered for ten cents and two stamps to send twelve useful articles to any lady or gentleman by mail. Note the result: They received a packet of needles.

One advertisement offered specially to boys, promised for ten stamps to tell them how to write legibly without pen or ink, received the reply, "Use a lead pencil."

Another very alluring proposition that suited a good many people, offered to tell anyone who might be a cripple or lame how to live without work. The terms were one dollar for the recipe. The answer was, "Fish for suckers, as we do."

Among the sharpers who prey upon the credulous and who should be carefully avoided none have more influence and do more wrong to hundreds of young girls and many young men than the so-called "fortune tellers," who adopt all sorts of dodges to learn from their devotees all they can about themselves, and then in a very learned way, based upon the admissions of their dupes, tell them of great things in store for them; of dark men, and fair men, and such twaddle. They are in every case good readers of their applicants, and by a few adroit questions find out their weakness, and this gives them a cue to base their learned deductions upon.

Just as our vessel leaves the port of departure and starts out with everything looking favorable for a successful trip, so a young man leaving the restraints of home feels confident of seeking a fortune. Think of the possible storms and mishaps that occur on the ocean, and the risks of failure before all men thrown upon the world on shore. In all the large cities are sharpers who prey upon the unwary by the most ingenious dodges. An esteemed friend of mine was once traveling upon a railroad, when a gentleman of smooth exterior called him by name and made himself effusive and familiar. Not knowing him or having any reason to trust this offensive stranger, my friend said to him, "I don't know you, sir; and I do not want to." This brought the intimacy to a focus. The stranger took a back seat. This was right. Better have the companionship of a good book than that of an unknown person whom you have no reason to trust and whom you do not care to become acquainted with.

The writer was once walking up Broadway in New York some years ago when he was accosted by a well dressed stranger with a smooth tongue and a pleasant manner. "How do you do, Mr. Savage;

don't you know me? I worked for Walker Brothers in their dry goods store, and I would like to send out by you some patterns of a new style of cloth of which I am the agent here in New York." I told him that he might send them to my headquarters, but he persisted that it was only a block away from Broadway: just step down with me. Without being too harsh, I thought I would go. So after walking about two blocks I was ushered into a kind of office for the sale of railroad tickets of rather doubtful business look. I was asked to be seated while he went for the patterns, but before doing so, said he would stand treat for a suit of the cloth he was sending. This closed the deal. I arose and made for the door, only to find it bolted. I threw back the bolt and went on to the street. Seeing a policeman, I asked him what kind of a den that was. He replied that it was a deadfall of the worst character. Of course, the object was robbery, if I had allowed myself to believe what he said. I unconsciously walked down the street with him, not thinking of foul play. I should have told him in the first place to mind his own business, and treated him as a stranger and a fraud, which he was.

We can all of us lay down the rule that strangers of smooth exterior are not waiting to benefit us for the fun of it. They have ulterior objects in view. Scores of men of all ages are caught by sharpers, who offer them all sorts of inducements, and when any of us are ready to get something for nothing, we always get left. The gambling instinct, a relic of barbarism, clings to many men. Their greed for gain overcomes their judgment. Invariably they are easy prey to the wide-awake unprincipled vagabond who looks upon honest toil as something to be avoided.

My father gave me two mottoes to guide me through life. One was, "Boy, avoid

crowds," the other "never sit on the wet ground." I have often thought of the potency of this counsel. Innocent men and women are often injured through getting into crowds and running after exciting mobs. The last maxim prevents rheumatism and other troubles.

I would in conclusion add that the observance of the eleventh commandment

will save us from many mishaps." Attend strictly to your own business and leave other peoples' alone." Fear God and honor the laws. No man can buy goods on credit without giving good security. Why should we confide in strangers without the proper guarantee that inspires confidence.

C. R. Savage.



HOW TO CULTIVATE THE ESTHETIC NATURE OF THE CHILD.

ESTHETICS!" what is it? Some one defines it as "The philosophy of the beautiful;" but let us together sift out the truest meaning from this term, and learn it in practical language, that we may use it every day as one of the precious stones we need in building strong, lovely characters that in eternity will shine as the workmanship of our own hands. Love of the beautiful! who of us have ever known of a living, breathing being that did not have in his or her heart a deep, abiding reverence for some one beautiful thing?

Did you ever see or hear of such a one? Who of us has not seen a tiny babe cooing and gurgling over the pretty colored ball his mama slowly swings before his fascinated eyes; or who has not heard the cry of rapture burst from the lips of some happy child when suddenly presented with a beautiful gift; or again heard their happy shout sink into deep silence and their sweet faces grow soft and dreamy at some beautiful strain of music? Have you yourselves ever stepped from your quiet corner into the glories of an evening sunset, and felt your very soul stir within you when you lift your arms instinctively, as if you might gather all the gold and crimson of the beautiful picture to your breast and store it there as a comforter for those gloomy days that come to us all?

Have you ever felt that great joy of living when each bird seemed full of melody, each flower full of fragrance all its own,—when Old Earth herself seemed a fairy palace for you alone to live in and all things gave you pleasure?

We call these things feelings, and these feelings come to us through our senses. But again, they may sink into our deepest heart depths with such a quiet power for good or evil, that we are hardly aware of their presence.

"Feelings," says one, "are the realest things in the world, yet something we cannot get at or explain."

Have you ever asked yourself where this soul-swaying feeling of beautiful things comes from or why it is there?

Turn with me to the book of Job and let me show you a picture. The eighth chapter, fourth and seventh verses, tells us of God speaking to Job, and He says: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding. When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth, and the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Do you feel the spirit of this query, teachers? Can you imagine the peace and harmony that must have filled heavy-

en with such a superabundance of the eternal fitness of things that the sons of God gathered round their Father and King and shouted for joy?

Let your soul absorb the beauty and harmony which these words seem to breathe as their message, and then ask, "Were we there? You and I and those dear children who are your precious charges?" As the triumphant shout rang through the vast dome of heaven did our souls join in harmony and our voices help swell the chorus? And then afterwards!

Were we once called the sons and daughters of God? Were we clothed in robes of spotless white? Did we dwell in heaven and live among this vast throng of joyous beings? If so, I can give you my doctrine of Esthetics, and it will be thus:

If once we dwelt among the hosts of heaven, and mingled together as children of our Father, our souls attuned to the peace and harmony of home—and I think we did—then must have come a time of parting; but God the Father said: "Go not without a comforter, dear children. See! I give you a spark of the heavenly fire to carry in your bosom, that it may light your pathway, and one day help you to see the earth and mire of sordid mortality, and lead your tired feet to firmly rest on the steps cut out of the everlasting hills and bring you back to Father and home at last."

That, to me, is an answer for this love of the beautiful that one time or other fills the heart of each of the human family.

It is that golden key which binds the real present with that half-real and wholly forgotten past, when our lives were all a beautiful song without words, and we ourselves were the embodiment of all things beautiful.

Some day we shall return to our Fath-

er's home, and then, dear readers, shall we go before the throne and with hidden faces say: "Father, my cares were great, my time so precious, I gave no thought to Thy gift, I could not find time to see the beautiful, and so I come to you with the tiny flame smothered and all—all things turned to dust and ashes!"

No, oh, a thousand times no! Let us nourish our heavenly gift, and feed it till it shall glow aye so bright that it not only illumines our own pathway, but is an inspiration to the stumbling footsteps of some poor plodder who has lost courage and is falling.

"That is very good, sister," says our practical friend, "but tell us how is all this related to your subject?"

Just this, teachers. I would have you see that in the heart of every boy and girl on this big, round earth is this heaven-implanted spark, and there is not one so hopeless but what if you search you may find this gift from God, this inborn love of the beautiful; almost smothered, perhaps, but there, nevertheless. And it is your solemn duty to nourish and care for the tiny flame until such time as he will be able to take the responsibility on himself. .

Let us talk on the hows and wheresores for a minute.

First of all, when we accepted the trust of a Sabbath School teacher we pledged ourselves to work for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God, therefore I shall not hesitate to map out work—real, earnest work—and shall feel that we can fully accomplish all we set our hands to do, as failure or shirking are two words of no meaning in the heart of a true worker.

"But," says the timid one, "what can we do; there are only two hours a week for Sunday School, and these so crowded, there is no time for extras."

Shakespeare said: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night

the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Shall I interpret? What you have not, that you cannot give; you yourself must be so full of this appreciation of beautiful things, that wherever you go you cannot help but leave some of your gladness of heart, like rays of warm, spring sunshine, to sink into the heart-depths of others for good. Aye more, for the very uplifting of those souls whom you mingle among.

If you have not this, cultivate it, seek it, search for beauty, and you will find wondrous things.

Then, again, the Lord has made the Sabbath morning the most beautiful of all. Cannot we let this fill our hearts each Sunday, and take us before our children full of reverence, and fully attuned to nature's grand but wordless hymn of praise.

Then, teachers, on each Sabbath morning, how shall we personally appear?

The boys very trim and neat, in spotless linen, shining boots, very clean finger tips, and not a particle of dust or a single crinkle in either hat or garments.

Now our girls! Neither a ball room beauty nor a monastery nun, but that happy, well-dressed medium which says: "See, I'm clean, dainty, and as rich and elegant as my purse can afford." There are neither too many frizzes nor yet too few, but there are those dear little personal touches that make our girls so thoroughly charming.

Dress your best for your Sunday School children. Do not save it for Sunday night, for let me whisper to you, dear teachers, you are posing before forty little artists, who are unconsciously taking in every detail of your features, manner and dress; and whether you will or no, you are their model for future patterns.

Does it pay to be tasty, refined,

low-voiced, harmoniously dressed before children?

Indeed, yes! as your example will cultivate in them more solid feeling for right or wrong notions of beauty in five minutes than you can preach into them in two months.

Then we have our flowers—those sweet reminders that our Father would not have us forget all the beauty and harmony to which our souls were accustomed when at home with Him.

How can we weave our flowers into this silent sermon for the cultivating of nobler hearts?

Just this way: In blossom time, what are so sweet as blossoms? Then why not have them near us while they last? Ask two or three children the Sunday before to bring you a few cut flowers next Sunday, and as a class you will surprise the school by making your meeting house "homey." By being a few minutes early, with your dainty touch and love of beauty, it will not take long to place a great blushing rose on the sacrament table, some tall, nodding sprays on the pulpit, and a few choice blossoms in your class room.

Work, is it? Oh, a trifle; but I have tried it, and know how very fully repaid you will be.

Now what possible good can a vase or two of flowers do a child in or out of Sunday School? Just watch your small "perpetual motion" boy the first Sunday the flowers bow and nod at him. You may be surprised to see him fasten his eyes on those flowers as if charmed. But charmed he is, and will so thoroughly lose himself in the tracery of the foliage and beauty for the whole that for once he has forgotten his moving.

That is only one boy, not saying one word about those children, and even older folks, who have this living love of the beautiful in their hearts, but no environ-

ment which makes it grow and brighten as a comforter in their daily lives. What of their pleasure and uplifting?

Then, again, you cannot look long at beautiful things and not be affected.

So why not have flowers, fellow-teachers? Carry a spray in your hands: it will help hold your children's attention and lift them, next to your full, pleasant-toned voice, even if they are not in humor to listen and catch your exact words and thoughts. Flowers come early and last long, so that one can have these emblems of purity nearly the entire year.

Then our pictures! This field is so large that I have a fear of ever generalizing a few of the helps or harms.

Have you ever been absent from home long enough to grow hungry for the dear spot, when, lo! before your very eyes there arises an exact reproduction of the home pictures that adorn your walls, and you have been comforted?

Have you ever felt the influence of a really good picture? Then you know the silent abhorrence that arises from looking at a bad one.

What can a Sabbath School teacher do here? Just this: as a band of brothers and sisters, let us stand together for the obliterating of every unlovely picture in our homes and help to cultivate and appreciate the beauty of really good pictures; for not every painter is an artist; and if you could measure the influence your pictures have on you for good or evil, you would choose them with as much care as you would use in choosing your bosom friends.

That's our first step. By our example we can help fathers and mothers to have higher ideals in pictures; then see that we cultivate a great love and a thorough understanding of what is true art, and we shall find a new treasure in our work-a-day lives.

Next, bring some of our best pictures to

Sunday School. Find reproductions from good artists that will illustrate our lesson. Good reproductions from the masterpieces are so very inexpensive that there is hardly any excuse for not having them. Besides, no matter what your ability as a story teller, you can never hope to be able to deepen the aim of your lesson like a good picture will do.

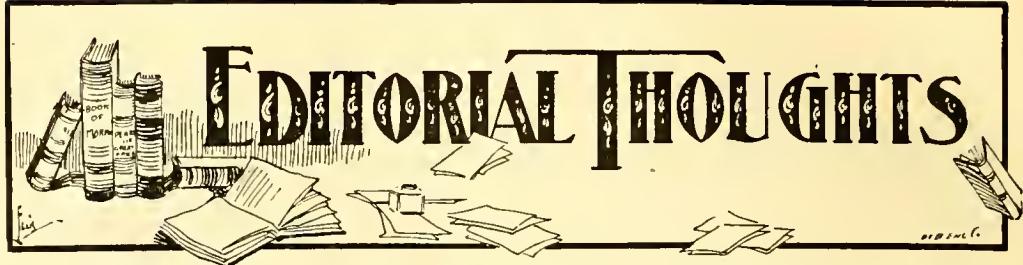
If we think, I am sure we have all been stirred to deeds of courage, patience or love by the direct influences of some picture; ask your own heart if this is not true; then resolve to help the good work on, by lending your influence for the further growth of these right feelings.

Emerson says: "Don't hang a dismal picture on your walls, and don't daub with sables and glooms in your conversation."

Then again, if your class room happens to be a little, dull corner in a district school house, or if you are allowed a room for primary class work in your own ward meeting house, take some Saturday afternoon off and resolve to fix and hang a few cheery pictures on your walls, and make a "personal appearance" of your room. That is, do see to it that there is at least one beautiful thing for your children's bright eyes to grow glad at seeing each Sabbath day, and with Ruskin say: "Don't think it wasted time to submit yourself to an influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling." And I claim, next to the divine harmony of music, pictures wield that influence for good or evil in the deep recesses of our souls that can almost make or mar a noble man.

I pray the Father that we may have wisdom to see, courage to dare, and His Spirit to guide us, that we may live those strong, noble lives He designed we should live, and that one day we shall all return to our Home of the Beautiful and dwell with Him forever and ever. Amen.

Emelia Madson.



SALT LAKE CITY, - APRIL 15, 1904.

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OUR CONFERENCE MEETING.

THE Sunday School meeting at the time of the General Conference of the Church, Sunday, April 3d. was very largely attended, and unique in the fact that all the Stakes of Zion responded when the roll was called; a gratifying showing of increasing interest in Sunday School work, that had never happened, so far as we can remember, at any previous Sunday School Conference.

The instructions at the meeting were largely devoted to the advantages of the district Sunday School conventions that

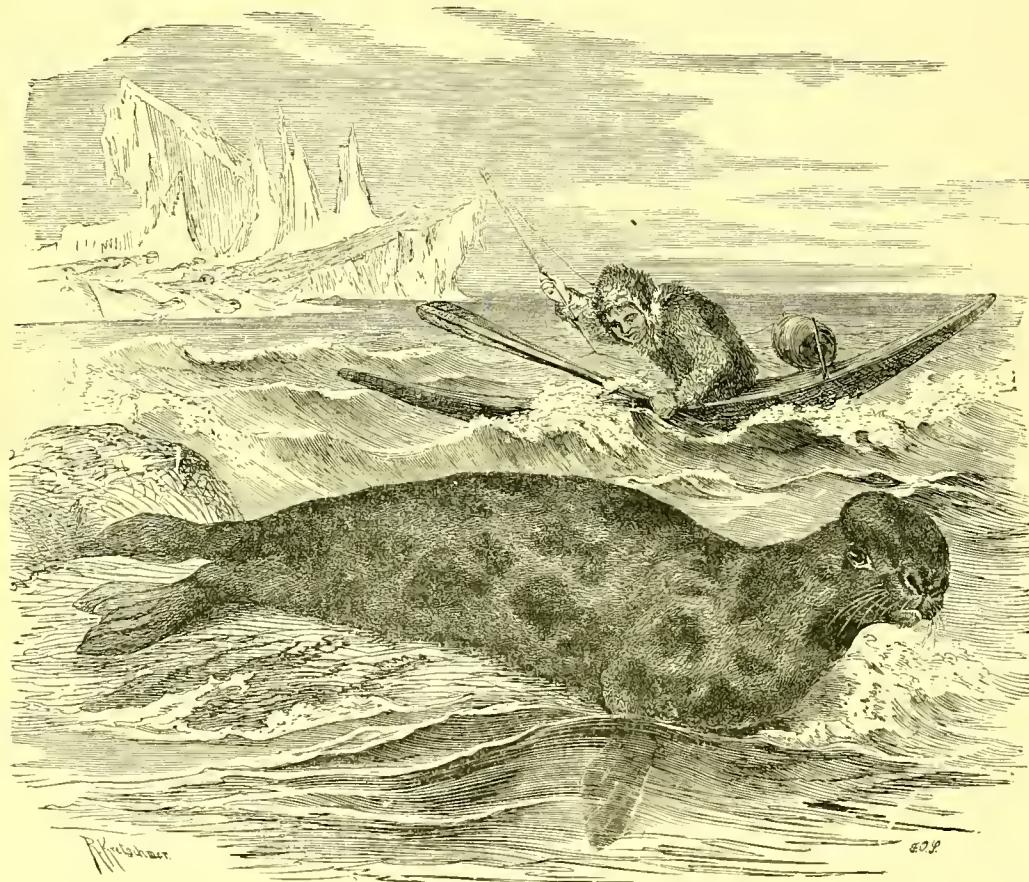
are, this year, being held throughout Zion; the necessity of harmony between the local authorities of the priesthood and the school and stake superintendencies; and the advantages of musical training to the children in our Sunday Schools and the best methods of teaching singing therein. Professor Evan Stephens illustrated these points by the admirable singing of two large bodies, one of youths the other of children, from the Granite Stake, who had for a very few months been under his direction and tuition. He presented these youthful choristers as an object lesson to other country stakes and as an example of what could be done by them if sufficient care were given and effort made in this praiseworthy direction.

The statistical report for the year 1903 was encouragingly satisfactory except in one direction. For the first time since statistics have been gathered and reports made the total number of pupils attending our schools showed a decrease. This partly arose from a revision of the rolls of the schools, by which several hundred names which had no right thereon were removed, and by other causes some of which are preventable by earnest effort and zealous, intelligent labor on the part of the school officers. Zion is growing and it is very difficult to conceive of a condition which would justify a decrease in the Sunday School attendance. This matter, brethren and sisters, needs our immediate and continuous attention. Though the attendance had decreased the number of schools had increased during the year by twenty-one.

SEAL HUNTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

MY dear young readers, there are many parts of this great ball on which we live that you and I have never seen, and perhaps never will see. But while we are not able to travel in distant lands and see the strange sights peculiar to those countries, we can read in books and magazines, the

St. Lawrence. The island is almost square, its greatest length being three hundred and seventeen miles and its greatest breadth three hundred and sixteen miles, the total area being about forty-two thousand square miles. Newfoundland has the largest graveyard, according to its population, of any country



AN ESQUIMAUX SEAL HUNTER.

experiences of those who have had the time and means to enable them to do so.

You have, no doubt, heard of Newfoundland, the greatest fishing country in the world. This island, which is a British colony, lies off the eastern coast of North America, directly across the gulf of

in the world. Almost every year hundreds of brave men lose their lives in that region, while trying to earn a livelihood for themselves and their loved ones. There are more widows and orphans in the island than in any other country, and fully one-tenth of the revenue is used each year

for the support of its asylums, orphanages and poor-houses. One of the chief industries of the island is the seal fishery, and of all the occupations that men engage in, none are fraught with more danger than is the seal-hunt. This event takes place in March and April of each year, the scene being among the ice-floes, which cover the ocean off Labrador and northern Newfoundland. At such season a fleet of twenty steamships, built specially for this work, and carrying about four thousand men, set out on their annual cruise. The hunt occupies about a month, and at the end of that time a hunter feels happy if he has made sixty dollars.

The Newfoundland seal differs from his Alaskan cousin, in that he does not possess a furry covering. The choicest of the Newfoundland seals are the young "whitecoats." They are killed for their skins and fat. Perhaps the gloves that some of you are wearing at the present time were made from the skins of these animals. Their fat is converted into oil, which is used in the manufacture of high-class soaps, and, with the stearin extracted, is sometimes used as a substitute for olive oil.

The seals deposit their young on the ice floes of Labrador, in the month of February. The baby seals weigh but a few pounds at first, but they grow like mushrooms, and at the end of two weeks they weigh from forty to fifty pounds, and are then fit to kill. This is easily done. They lie helpless on the ice, and are killed by a blow in the head with an iron-shod pole called a gaff. When the vessels reach the happy hunting grounds, the thousands of men rush on the ice and commence their ruthless slaughter. More than nineteen thousand seals have been killed in a single day. As the animals are slain they are gathered into a number of heaps, a flag is placed above each heap,

and the ships come along and gather in their harvest.

Often the hunters have frightful experiences. It is not an uncommon thing for them to get caught in a fog and be left on the ice for several days. In 1900 nearly a thousand men were adrift for two days and nights. They were scantily clad and had to burn their clubs and ropes to keep warm. During that time, the only food that they had consisted of seal carcasses. You may have heard of the disaster that happened to the crew of the *Greenland*, in 1898, when forty-eight men lost their lives and sixty-five were frostbitten. The *Greenland* had one hundred and eighty men out on the ice when a blizzard arose. The vessel was driven seaward, leaving these poor, unfortunate creatures helpless on the pitiless icefloe. They had no food, no shelter, and no extra clothing. They bore up bravely for a time, but many of them were finally overcome. Some wandered off in search of the ship, but fell benumbed and perished. Others fell into seal blowholes and were drowned, and a number went crazy. A writer in the *Cosmopolitan* last year described the horror of that awful night as follows:

As the night wore on, the shrieks of the frostbitten, the moans of the dying and the ravings of the insane added to the horror. The pitiless storm lashed them all through the night and the next day. The salt spray cut like whips and the snowy particles stuck to the skin and made the clothing clinging wet. The living stripped the dead of their outer garb to protect themselves. The stronger helped their weaker comrades, and if a man lay down he was kicked until he staggered upright again, all knowing that inaction meant the coming of the stupor which locks the lids with the everlasting sleep. When the gale abated the ship steamed back into the flow, where dead and dying, the starved and frostbitten seamen lay. The survivors were gathered in as rapidly as could be, and the ship then bore up for home, her waist piled with the dead and sixty suffering, frost bitten seamen berthed below in foul-smelling, ill-lighted quarters.

THREE UNEXPECTED DEATHS.

AS I am sitting at my desk about to resume my studies for the day, I see before me an open envelope addressed to me while president of the Southern Illinois conference. On it is written four names of Elders who were assigned to labor in South St. Louis. They are Elders Holyoke, Dalrymple, Walters, and Ritchie. A strange feeling comes over me as I think of these Elders. They all filled honorable missions. I cannot but call to mind the words offered in prayer by Elder Ritchie. He invariably asked the Lord to bless us "with health of body, peace of mind, and much faith in God." And how well this is characteristic of the faithful brethren mentioned. My very being is inspired when I think of their efforts! How sincere in their teachings, none but listeners could judge! How faithful to duty, God alone is witness of the full intents of their hearts.

But, why should I feel so deeply at this moment? Is it only because I realize that three of these brethren have passed to the great beyond? But, not merely the passing from this stage to the next, but, like the Master, they had finished the work which their Creator had sent them to do. Death met them at their post of duty. But, how noble, how

exalting! Died in the act of saving a brother and a companion! Elder Dalrymple, from Idaho, but a week or two after returning from his mission, jumped into a river to save his younger brother from drowning. The two went down together, clasped in the embrace of death.

But a few weeks ago, I read glaring headlines in the *News* of the death of Elder Walters. I did not know it was my companion and co-laborer in the mission field until a few days ago. But death overtook him in the act of saving a fellow-workman from the very jaws of death. What greater love than where one gives up his life to save another! Elder Walters was killed in the explosion which occurred at Mercur a few weeks ago.

Elder Ritchie was dragged to death a few months after his return from the mission field. Particulars I have not learned.

Now, dear reader, these brethren were young men, not only ready to die in the defense of the Gospel, but ready to give up their lives to save others! These are three noble sons the Lord has called to Himself. Loving parents will fondly cherish their memory, and they will ever have a place in the hearts of their friends and brethren in the mission field.

P. J. Sanders.

OAKLEY, UTAH, March 26, 1904.



THE WORK IN JAPAN.

FROM a letter of President Horace S. Ensign, dated Tokyo, March 3rd, to Elder George D. Pyper, we take the following interesting paragraphs:

Speaking of the war, you have, in all probability, read of the victories that have thus far

been achieved by this nation. The news of the destruction of Russia's battleships at Port Arthur and Chemulpo, was the occasion of a grand celebration in this city—in fact throughout the nation. An hour after the news reached here, flags and banners were floating from almost every housetop, gate and flag-staff. In the evening thousands of the citizens, with lighted lanterns, gathered spontaneously, as if by magic,

at the large park near the Emperor's palace and formed into an immense procession; marching through the streets, stopping at the homes of the nobility, cheering and congratulating as they marched along. The streets fairly rang with their "Banzai, Banzai, Banzai"—"Long live the Emperor." It has been said of this people that they are not demonstrative. But a person has only to witness one of their festivals or celebrations to disprove this. Having read the history of Japan you will have learned that her navy is patterned after that of England; her army after Germany's, the members of which are raised by conscription. However, some of

shows a company of soldiers on the drill grounds that face us on the east. I snapped it from our front gate.

You have, no doubt, learned of the success that has attended our efforts in organizing Sunday Schools in this land. It is very gratifying to be able to say that there is no apparent falling off either in attendance or interest. The Tokyo school has increased its enrollment to ninety-three. Our Hojo school shows an attendance of thirty-three, and the school just organized in Nakano promises well. At its first session twenty-three were present. We are teaching the children of the primary and intermedia-



JAPANESE TROOPS IN TOKYO.

the native characteristics have been retained, among others their chants and songs which are sung during times of war. These songs, as a rule, are written in question and reply form. To-day, we hear the soldiers as they march past our home, singing their latest song, which is in defiance of Russia.

Naturally, with all this excitement and flurry our work has been somewhat hampered. But when the newness of the affair wears off, I feel that we shall be able to pursue the even tenor of our way. While on the war question, the enclosed snap may serve to interest you, as it

ate grades how to pray, to believe in God and Jesus Christ. The theological class is studying the "Articles of Faith." We rejoice exceedingly to see the little tots stand up and hear them repeat the simple prayers that have been taught them, and in answer to questions, tell the importance and necessity of prayer and why we should pray. Last Sunday I was very much impressed in listening to several members of the intermediate class relate the incidents surrounding the birth of Christ. They told the story in a remarkably clear way, showing that they had thoroughly learned it. The children are getting

so that they sing our Sunday School songs very well. We have just translated and arranged "Love at Home." I had an extremely hard task to strike a tune to go with the words; but finally I got it and apparently it is the most taking of any that I have thus far composed. It seems to have the Japanese jig to it and is liked very much both by the children and adults. It took just seven minutes, by the clock, for the children to learn the words of the first verse and the music. Of course they did not memorize the words—we had them

written on a large piece of paper 2x3 feet, and hung where all could see them. But during the time mentioned they got the tune and the words sufficiently well placed in their minds, that they sang them with a zip. We now have a sufficient number of songs translated and arranged so that all of our public exercises are conducted in the native tongue. Other songs are being translated and I am endeavoring to supply the music, but I find it hard work.

Horace S. Ensign.



"ZION"—"SPRING"—"SMILES."

ZION.

Zion! glorious Zion!
On the mountain tops;
Happy are thy children,
Fruitful are thy crops.
By thy charms the honest
Are to thee enticed;
In thy light rejoicing—
Church of Jesus Christ.

CHORUS:

Kingdom, Oh most holy!
Joy of latter days;
Kings shall see thy glory,
And thy beauty praise.

Mountains are thy bulwarks—
Everlasting hills;
Crystal waters sparkle
In a thousand rills;
Majesty encircles
Every temple wall;
Love thy gates embellish—
Thon art all in all.

CHORUS:

John Powell.



SPRING.

Chilly winter now is past,
Pleasant spring has come at last;
Oh the spring, most lovely spring!
See what beauties she doth bring!
How the echoing woods resound:
With what joy the heart doth bound,
In the spring, the lovely spring.

Nature now with beauty smiles
And the weary soul beguiles,
With her meadows decked in flowers,
And her mild sunshiny hours,
Singing birds and humming bees,
And the dainty perfumed breeze,
Both the eye and heart doth please,
In the spring, the lovely spring.

Laura Moench Jenkins.



SMILES.

The practice to which many newspapers are given nowadays of publishing the idlest of tattle under the head of "Personal News," has inspired a writer in the Boston *Transcript* with the following "gossip" by way of satire:

Mr. G. A. Gazzam forgot to wind his watch night before last.

Pietro Vermicelli has relinquished his connection with the track repairing gang on the East and West Railroad.

Colonel Sabertash has had his boots half soled and heeled yesterday. The colonel has long been noted for his *recherche* footwear.

Mrs. Limberchin writes to inform us that her kitchen teakettle boiled over one day this week, and caused quite a slop on the floor.

We are gratified to hear that Mrs. Blackamoor Pugg has sent her pet dog into the country. The Puggs will remain in town.

The Homespuns had their Aunt Keziah at supper Wednesday evening. The old lady looks much improved in her new celluloid teeth.

Mrs. Captain A. B. Cutter's girl broke another dish yesterday. Mrs. Captain Cutter declares it is shameful. All Mrs. Captain Cutter's many friends will sympathize with that estimable lady in this the hour of her affliction.

Among those who missed the 6:25 train to

Suburbantown last evening were Mrs. Slowbody, Henry and Thomas Smith, General McGout, the Misses Shopperly and maid, Charles Montgomery Begg, Terence M'Flaherty, Doctor Long-lance, Ah Sin Finn, Mrs. Mulvey, John Smith and the two Doglington boys.



JUNE'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER III.

TAKE this cup of soaked bread, June, and go down to the south corner of the garden and feed those little baby chickens for me; they are so pretty, I know you will like to see them," said grandma to the little maid, when it became evident that time was beginning to hang heavy on her hands again.

In a few, a very few minutes, June came back with the empty dish and sober face.

"You didn't let the hen out, did you?" asked gradma apprehensively.

"No, ma'am," June answered; "but I don't like your old hen one bit."

"Why, June, you did not let her peck you, did you?"

"No ma'am, I just went up quietly to the coop, and said 'Good day' to her, and told her I had brought some dinner for her children, and she made such a fuss. She said I was a 'Bandersnatch,' and told her babies to beware of me, and they all ran off and hid themselves in the currant bushes, so I could not see them," said June with great indignation.

"Whatever is the child talking about," said grandma, adjusting her glasses to have a better look at the grieved little face.

"That is something that her mother has been reading to her from the 'Alice in Wonderland' books," said Aunt Alice,

laughing. "One of these absurd rhymes says: 'Beware, my child, of the Bandersnatch'"

"I would not care what she said, if I were you, June," said grandma, kindly. "She says just the same things about me, when I go to feed her and her family."

After a few moments June ventured the opinion that when the baby chickens got a little older they would find out she had been telling them stories, and would not believe a single word she said.

"If you knew, June, dear, what an awful thing happened, or nearly happened, to that hen and her eleven white babies, I'm sure you would excuse her some," said grandma.

"Please tell me," said June, her face brightening at the prospect of a story.

"Well, dear, the first hen that came off with a brood of chicks in the spring was Topknot, and she is a mother hen in all her ambitions. She fed her own brood diligently, till they just refused to follow her, and then she began coaxing the other hens' chicks away from them. She managed to get a few from every brood —she even coaxed two brown leghorns through the fence from a neighbor— till she had over thirty babies in her flock, all kidnapped. When this last brood came off, she had got so she thought she could just coax any chickens to go with her. She came close to the little open coop where I always put the new chicks for a week or two till they

are strong enough to follow their mothers, and she began saying little gentle things to those babies who hardly knew as yet the sound of their mother's voice.

"You can guess how badly the poor mother felt when, one after another, the chicks went outside of the coop to get the tiny morsels of food offered them by Top-knot. It sounded to me like she said: 'You dear little babies, come out of that coop and take a walk with me and my children. We are going into the garden the first time the gate is left open. Then we'll have the nice time. There are lettuce and peas! Come with us, and I'll take good care of you. Here is a nice little bite. Who speaks first?' and a lot more talk in a soft, coaxing way, and one after another the chicks all went out to her, and she kept taking them farther and farther from the coop, while the poor mother, with her neck feathers all turned the wrong way, just stormed and scolded and could not get one of them to come back.

"I had to go down and drive Topknot off, and shoo the silly babies back home. I tell you, if that mother could have got out there would have been an awful fight. Her nerves had received a shock that they have never gotten over, although I moved her coop out into the garden, where Topknot can't find her. Knowing this, I excuse her for being afraid of everything that comes near, and telling her children to run, hide."

"Well, I guess I'll excuse her, then," said June, with a sigh, "but I'm wishing she had let me play with her chickens, for I'm getting lonesome for the baby, and wish I could go to sleep till my dress is done."

"There are some very nice children across the street. I see them out playing under the trees there now. Would you like to go over and play a while?" asked grandma.

June put on her bonnet and went as far as the gate, and waited there till the children, espousing her, called her to come over and swing.

The dress was not yet completed, however, when June came back. This time there was a tear trembling on her long, brown lashes. She hung up her bonnet and quietly took a seat, and said never a word, till Aunt Alice inquired what was the matter.

"Mama told me I must never tell what was said at places where I was visiting," and the red, quivering lips were resolutely closed.

"Oh, very well, if you think your mama meant me," said grandma, quietly; "but if I knew what had hurt your feelings, I could tell you the exact best thing to do about it, just the same as your mother would, and she lets you tell her everything, doesn't she, so she can tell you what's right?"

"Yes," assented June, "and if you are sure it's right, I'd like to tell you."

"Certainly" said Aunt Alice.

"Well, the lady called me names,"—and then the tears flowed in good earnest.

"My dear June," said Aunt Alice, a trifle sternly, "I am sure you are mistaken. She is such a nice woman, and quite too much of a lady to call a little girl names."

"There, Alice, you have frightened the child. Come here, June, and tell your grandma all about it," and laying her work aside, she took the wee woman on her lap and said: "Now begin at the first and tell me all about it."

"We were just playing, and I had had a swing, and the big girl wanted the little girl to let me sit on her red chair, and she would not. I never said a word, only stood there while the girls kept talking. They talked real loud, till their mother came to the door and said: 'Let the little stranger have your chair a while, Mary,

and don't quarrel over your play, that's a good girl.'

"And I said: 'Please, ma'am, I ain't a stranger—I'm a Mormon.' Then she laughed at me, and said: 'You funny little mortal, you!'"

With a fresh burst of tears June hid her face on her grandma's shoulder, while the two ladies smiled broadly at each other, scarcely knowing what to say or do.

"That is not a bad name, dear. 'Stranger' means only that they have not seen you often, and 'mortal' means you are just like other people—just a little girl," said grandma, at a loss for a word that would convey the meaning clearly to a child with so limited a vocabulary.

"I should have thought she would have known a word like that," said Aunt Alice. "What a queer mistake, to be sure. I think our little woman is inclined to take life too seriously. I don't remember ever making such a mistake," remarked Aunt Alice.

"Well, you always had a remarkable gift of language, and a very ready assimilation of new words; but my childhood is many years further back than yours, and some such errors emerge vividly before me to this day," and grandma rocked the child and smiled down at her sympathetically.

"I think it was several years before I got the correct meaning of one term, and I really suffered over it, because my mistake threw doubt on my father's truthfulness. We were at the ranch for the summer, and were milking quite a number of cows. One day a neighbor came along on horseback, and stopped to chat with my father. Some crops had been planted though we were so high up in the mountains that frost came early. The man said to my father, 'Got any wheat in?'

"'Yes,' my father replied, 'and it's all

in the milk now, and I gness it is safe from the frost.'

"'All in the milk!' That only suggested one thing to me. I took the long-handled cook spoon and went down to the spring house and stirred up every pan of milk there. Of course, I found no wheat, and it was years before an accident made that clear to me. I wish my father had been a more approachable man, or I had the courage of this child to tell it all and be corrected at once.

"There, now, June, go and bathe your face; you see, when you understand it, there was nothing to cry about. Your dress is all done now but the pink bows, and while I go for the ribbon, you may take the basket and go into the barn and gather the eggs."

"Oh, yes! I would dearly love to gather the eggs." And as grandma left the house to go after the ribbon, June took the egg basket and went into the barn to hunt eggs in the new hay.

CHAPTER IV.

Grandma had lingered quite half an hour in the store before she got her ribbon and got back home.

She found Aunt Alice at the gate, just saying "good by" to a wagon load of young people who were going on an excursion, and after wishing them a gay farewell, the two ladies went into the house together to try the effect of the pink bows.

"Where is June?" asked grandma, and then starting up in a fright she said: "Alice! Alice! we sent her to the barn for eggs, and forgot that Sanpete rooster, 'Don Caesar,' and he fights children."

But before grandma had half done talking, Aunt Alice was at the barn door. In another moment she was in, and amidst a great squawking of hens, came out with the big white rooster, and thrust him ignominiously into a setting-hen coop.

Then she went back and lifted June in her arms, and brought the sobbing, frightened child to the house.

"Is she hurt?" asked grandma, anxiously. "To think I should have sent her down there. Dear me! dear me!"

"No, she is not hurt, but very badly frightened." Aunt Alice replied, laying her down on the sofa, while grandma stroked her hair.

"Why didn't you take a stick and hit him hard?" asked Aunt Alice.

"I was over in the hay before he said anything to me, and there ain't any sticks there. He looked at me with one eye, and dared me to come out, and scraped his wing on the ground and called all the hens to come in and see how brave he was. It sounded to me like he said it was his barn, and he wouldn't have me in there to get eggs. It isn't his barn, grandma, is it? You had it long before he came here, didn't you, grandma?" she said between her sobs.

"He's a bad fellow, and I will have to punish him for this."

"Then he called all the hens, to show them he was not afraid of a—'people'; and the hens said: 'Hum! that's such a little one.' And then he crowed, and made believe he was going to fly on me, and strutted around and said: 'Nor I ain't afraid of her grandma, nor no one like her.'

"I said: 'Shame on you, when my grandma feeds you every day.' Then he acted mad, and I called you and I called Aunt Alice, and you didn't come, and I thought he would bite me.

"When I screamed he jumped down off the hay and made believe he was looking for something to eat, but he watched me all the time, and if I just moved he threatened to fly right at me.

"Then came Aunt Alice, and he was so busy watching me that he did not see her until she had him by his two ugly legs, and she put him into the setting-hen

coop, and he's to stay there a week, won't he, grandma?"

"He certainly shall stay there all night, and if he ever acts this way again he will have to be sold. I could not have such a bad rooster on my place."

Soothed by this promise, June dropped to sleep, and did not wake up till it was time to go home.

The dress in all its dainty freshness and pink bows lay where her waking eyes fell upon it. With a cry of delight she sat up and reached both her hands for it.

"How perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "Oh! I just love you, Aunt Alice, and I will make some pretty dresses for your little girl when I'm a big lady."

"All right, now don't you forget that promise, June. I may need help."

Then the dress was once more tried on, and viewed from all sides, and pronounced perfect. After which, it was folded carefully and pinned in a large paper, and grandma said supper was ready, and they went into the dining room and had a lovely bowl of bread and milk, and an apple pie.

It was time to go home, and June kissed her Aunt Alice and said: "When I'm a young lady, I'm going to be just like you; and when I'm a grandma, I'm going to be just like you, grandma," hugging her with energy, and with the precious dress held tenderly to her bosom, she skipped merrily down the sidewalk, all the mishaps of the day forgotten in the perfect ending.

"The day has been quite an experience for her," said grandma, looking wistfully down the path at the fast disappearing little figure.

"Yes, and for us," said Aunt Alice, laughing heartily.

We are pleased to be able to say that June got home without any further adventure.

Ellen Jakeman.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



EDITED BY
LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

STAKES OF ZION AND THEIR PRESIDENTS.

Alberta Stake.

BROTHER C. O. CARD was the first President of the Alberta Stake of Zion, and by request a member of his family has kindly written and forwarded, for our use, the following interesting sketch.—[Ed.]

SKETCH OF CHARLES ORA CARD.

“Just a tow-headed boy,” born November 5, 1839, on Sugar Creek, in Alleghany County, New York, amidst the buzz and stir of a saw mill, with its lumbermen



PRESIDENT C. O. CARD.

and boys. His mother was a New England type of smart, industrious and never-be-idle women; his father, a slow-going but sure, steady man of unwavering integrity, and very kind to all his workmen.

Charles learned very young to use saw, hammer, and ax. His first team, a yoke of oxen, he worked for and earned himself, when they were calves and he a boy.

He became convinced of the truth of the Gospel and the divine mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet when he was thirteen years old, and was baptized. The family started with the hand cart company of 1856 to cross the plains. Charles sold his oxen for forty dollars, which gave him his outlay for traveling without taxing his parents. The family had a good fit-out of their own, but owing to the scarcity of supplies, their generous store of the necessities of life was freely divided with their needy brethren and sisters, so that on reaching their journey's end they were about on a level with the rest, except an ox team and wagon.

While crossing the plains Charles took his turn at the hard tasks of standing guard at night, packing women and children across streams, pushing hand carts, hunting buffalo for meat, driving team, etc., being his father's and mother's only help, as he was their only son.

Many stirring adventures he can relate

of that interesting journey. But space will not permit of their being told here.

Arriving in Utah, the family settled in Farmington, poor but hopeful. There Charles began life as a farmer boy. When Cache valley was opening up his parents were among the pioneers, settling in Logan, where he worked and toiled with his might to help make homes for his father's families and assist in building up God's kingdom.

During the years he spent in Logan he filled with honor and faithfulness, at different periods, all the following offices: He was superintendent of Sunday Schools, trustee on the Brigham Young College Board, day school teacher, counselor to President William B. Preston, supervisor for the building of the Logan Tabernacle and the Temple, and was president of the Cache Stake for some years.

In 1886, being requested by President John Taylor, he went to Canada exploring. He there found a tract of country most suitable for settlement. In 1887, with a small company of Saints, some forty in number, he started a settlement in what is now called Cardston. A volume could be written of his labors and experiences while living there for over sixteen years. From one small village to a stake of eleven flourishing settlements, with thousands of inhabitants, mills, sugar factory, thousands of acres of splendid farms, all have grown under his fostering care and ever vigilant labors. But now he has returned to the scenes of his young manhood and the society of his early friends. Feeble in body, but holding the office of a Patriarch among the Saints, his whole heart is to bless his brethren and sisters, and to labor for his dead in the Temple of our God.

NOTE.—Many little readers of this sketch of Brother Card will, doubtless, wish the writer had ventured a little on space, and given at least one or two inci-

dents, or stories that might have been told. Almost any of the little writers would have been willing to give the space their letters might have taken, I believe.

L. L. G. R.

A JOYOUS ESCAPE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 221.)

"They had left their homes a few hours before, full of health and happiness. The sun was shining, the birds singing, and all nature rejoicing, (for it was the summer season), and now, what a sad contrast! They were in a dark, dismal prison, where none could hear their loudest cry. They thought of the agony of their fond parents; how each would send to the other's house to gain tidings; how search would be made, everywhere, probably, but in the right direction, where, (nothing being known of their intentions of going thither), none would think of seeking them; and how, while the fruitless search was yet proceeding amid sorrow and tears, they would be perishing of cold and hunger.

"Happily these two boys were sons of Christian parents, who had brought them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They, therefore, knew where to look for aid, when all earthly help seemed hopeless. So, after lamenting their error in entering so dangerous a place alone, and without their friends' knowledge, they agreed to unite in prayer for deliverance, to that gracious God who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; and I will hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' They took off their caps, and one of them prayed aloud very earnestly, that God would be pleased to look upon them in their deep distress, and to bring them out in safety.

"The simple prayer was no sooner ended than, again searching their pockets,

a solitary match was discovered. They had now no torch, but they rolled up their pocket handkerchiefs and burned them instead; and afterwards the linings of their caps; going on as rapidly as possible, lest they should again be left in darkness. At length, when the last fragment was nearly consumed, they perceived a gleam of daylight from the entrance to the cave, and with unutterable joy, they presently found themselves once more standing on the green pathway in the glorious sunshine! Their hearts were filled with gratitude, and they embraced each other with tears of joy.

"When they had in some measure recovered from their emotion, one said to the other: 'People are very ready to call on God when they are in any difficulty or danger; but when He hears their prayers and delivers them, they too often forget to praise Him for His mercies. Let us not follow so ungrateful an example.' They then reverently knelt down and returned thanks to God our Heavenly Father, who had so graciously preserved them.

"They returned to their homes wiser and better than they were when they left them, with more love for God and more faith in Him."

Dear young friends, let us learn from this incident the power and the value of prayer.

Copied by Emily France.

GROWING UP.

When I was five I used to b'lieve
In fairies; and I wouldn't leave
My mother for a minute;
I didn't want to go at night
In any room 'cept where a light
Was burning brightly in it.
When I was six I really thought
The world was flat, and stopped off short
With just high walls around it;
And when I lost my doll, I cried
And couldn't stop, although I tried,
Till Sister Mary found it.

But now I know what things are true,
And I go vis'ting Cousin Lou
Alone—she's most eleven.
Dark rooms don't frighten me, and I
Just only very seldom cry,
For now I'm almost seven.

Youth's Companion.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

When naughty Jim pulled Jenny's braid,
Wee Susie laughed (the jolly maid!)
"Oh, what a funny thing to see!
Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee!"

But when Jim twitched at Sue's own curl,
She cried (the inconsistent girl!)
"Oh, what a naughty thing to do!
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

Selected.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Sunday School Teacher III.

BURTON, IDAHO.

I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. We live three and a half miles from the meetinghouse. My papa is the superintendent. Sister Brizzee, Sister Benson and Sister Neilson are my teachers, and I love them very much. Sister Benson has not been able to attend Sunday School of late on account of sickness.

LEORA EVA SMITH.

Missionary Experience.

HONEYVILLE, UTAH.

I was eight years old the first day of June, 1903. When I was three years old my papa was called on a mission to the Southern States. After he had been gone fifteen months they called mama to go. She took my little sister Romania and myself with her. After we had been on the cars three days and nights we arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn., where papa met us.

After staying there a few days we all went to Cincinnati. One day little sister and I went for a walk without asking mama. Mama went to find us. She met a little boy and asked him if he knew where her little girls went. He said, "Do you live where the Mormons live?" Mama said "Yes." He said, "Well, then, I know where them little girls are. They went around the block." We had a nice time while we were at Cincinnati. We were gone eight months, then we came home.

Your little friend,
MONIDA E. HUNSAKER.



Plays for Benefit of Sunday School.

DOWNEY, IDAHO.

We live five miles north of Downey. We have a branch Sunday School of Cambridge ward. My papa is the superintendent. We have a nice little schoolhouse where we meet every Sunday. Last Friday, February 26th, we gave a performance at Nine Mile schoolhouse for the benefit of our Sunday School. We had a full house. We gave two plays, one called "Joe," performed by eight girls and three boys, and one play called "That Rascal Pat." My papa taught us how to play. We have had a nice winter with lots of snow. My brothers and I have a little sled, and we slide down the hill a little way from the house. We used to live in Salt Lake City.

Your friend,
HENRY JOHNSON, 12 years old.



Morning and Evening Readings

LOVELL, BIG HORN, Feb. 10, 1904.

We moved to the Big Horn from Utah two years ago. We live on a ranch. We have a nice Sunday School and Primary and day school. Papa or mama reads a

chapter from the Book of Mormon or some other good book, every morning and night. We like to read the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*. We love to shake hands with the stake president, Brother Byron Sessions, and with Apostle A. O. Woodruff, when he comes to visit us in this ward.

DELLA BISCHOFF, 9 years old.



Cold Weather—Canal Making, Etc.

OAKLEY, IDAHO, Feb. 19, 1904.

We are having cold weather. Snake River has been frozen over for some time. When it is freezing and thawing we do not receive our mail regularly. When President Seymour B. Young was out to attend the Cassia Stake conference, he had to walk across Snake River on the ice, but when he returned home he went around by Milner and Kimima, so as to cross the river on the new bridge. There is a large valley between Oakley and the Twin Falls, where men are making a big canal and putting a dam in Snake River. We live about twenty-five miles from there. Men haul hay from here for the graders. We had Washington's birthday exercises in school today.

Your little friend.

ELLA D. JACK, age 9 years.



Prayers Answered.

SANFORD, COLO.

My papa has taken the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* for a long time, and we love to read the little letters in it. I have four brothers and one sister. Our grandma has been dead for five years. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I think there is a God, for I have had my prayers answered many times. I am 11 years old.

Your Friend,

ANNIE CHRISTENSEN.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

Words from "Our Dumb Animals."

Music by Charles J. Thomas.

Met. $\text{♩} = 72$

1. To the Giver of all blessings, Let our voices rise in praise; For the
 2. For the splendor of the for - est, For the beauty of the hills, For the
 3. For the wealth of golden har - vest, For the sunlight and the rain; For the

joy and countless mer - cies, He hath sent to crown our days; For the
 freshness of the mead - ows, And the thousand sparkling rills; For the
 grandeur of the o - cean, For the mountain and the plain; For the

homes of peace and plen - ty, And a land so fair and wide; For the
 blos - som of the springtime, And the mem - o ries they bring; For the
 ev - er changing sea - sons, And the comforts which they bring; For Thy

la - hor at the noon - day, And the rest at e - ven - tide.
 ripened fruits of au - tumn, Do we thank Thee, O, our King.
 love so grand, e - ter - nal, We would thank Thee, O, our King.



BE THOU MY GUIDE.

Waking, sweet Spirit, stay Thou with me;
 Slumbering, be Thou my dream;
 And calmly I'll drift o'er fate's rough sea,
 To a haven of bliss supreme.

For life, at best, is a troubled main,
 Save stilled by heavenly power;
 No rudder sure, no reckoning plain,
 When dark'ning storm-clouds lower.

Though the sun be bright, the azure clear,
 Though winds have ceased their moan,
 Leave not my bark, but linger near—
 I dare not go alone.

Sail Thou with me, for strange the way
 O'er the uncertain tide;
 A seaman brave I will be alway,
 If Thou wilt be my guide. *D. F. Collett.*



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